

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 26

Issue 2 *Summer*

Article 39

1996

The Guardian Angel of "Not Feeling"

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Recommended Citation

Graham, Jorie. "The Guardian Angel of "Not Feeling"." *The Iowa Review* 26.2 (1996): 72-73. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4605>

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a brutish click, sound of black-water lobbying,
and then one girl, like a stairway appearing in the exhausted light,
remembers the *reason* with a fast sharp gasp,
and laughter rises, bending, from the chalice of five memories,
as they move past us towards the railing of the lot,
one stepping over, quick, one leaping high, giggling, red hair above her as she
drops—two whispering, one hands in pockets looking down
as she, most carefully, leans into the quick step
over the silver rail—oh bright forgetting place—then
skips to catch up with the rest,
and the rail gleams, and the rail overflows with corrugated light.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF *NOT FEELING*

As where a wind blows.
I can teach you that.
The form of despair we call “the world.”
A theft, yes, but gossipy, full of fear.
In which the “I” is seen as merely a specimen,
incomplete as such, overendowed,
maneuvering to rid itself of biological
precipitates—hypotheses, humilities,
propensities. . . .
Do you wish to come with me?
You know how in a landscape you see distances?
We can blur that. We can dissolve it
altogether. You know the *previous age*?
How it lacks shape until it’s cut-away by
love? We gust that lingering, moody, raw affection
out, we peck and fret until it’s
gone, the flimsy courage, the leaky luggage
in which you carry round
your drafty dreams—of form, of hinged
awarenesses, all interlocking-up—dream on—
the chain is rattling that you’ve cast,
yet it is made of air, of less, look, here
it mirrors, here it curves

in space, here it resembles—quick—for just a
nanosecond—*happiness*—incorruptible whole—
how soothing, so real, a ledge above the
waterfall—You know, in music,
how you hear—you strain to hear—
the isolation of the meager, the *you* alone,
an *interim* bristling with arguments, illusions—
they are lesions, they are spreading across a naked
skin, a rolling, planetary stretch of human skin,
not like the feeling of an unseen presence,
not like—oh wave demolishing,
we're waiting for the phone to ring,
we're busy—no?—we cling—the versions
of the desolation we clock-out in lists, in
miles—The wave, the wave appears
but then withdraws, it ruffles at its rim
as *whereabouts*, moonlight thrashes in its
curl, clatters as inventory in its curl,
the wave—wake up—the wave I'll give you
tiny bits of if you'll still—
Postpone the honeycombing day,
let the sandbar rise up beneath us here,
the bed will do,
the spattering of texture, shade—brocaded shirtsleeve on
the chair—the corridor of mysteries
you call your hair—the masonry of your
delays—pen, paper, ink—my friend,
look at the ink, dip fingers through its open neck,
bring hand to lip—there—do it again, again,
blazon the mouth, rub in, exaggerate—
the little halo forms, around the teeth,
the mirror on that wall shows you the thing,
furious, votive—
oh look, the tiny heart
mouthing and mouthing its crisp inaudible black zeros out.